Qu. The Conqueror is dismaid:
Proceed good *Alexander.*

Cur. When in the world I lined, I was the worlds Commander.

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right: you were so *Alisander.*

Ber. Pompey the great.

Clo. Your seruant and *Costard.*

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander.*

Clow. O sir you haue ouerthrowne *Alisander* the conqueror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close-stoole, will be giuen to Aiax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror? and afraid to speake? Runne away for shame *Alisander.* There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, and soone dasht. He is a maruellous good neighbour in sooth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Alisandar*, alas you see, how it's a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming will speake their minde in some other sort. *Exit Clo.*

Qu. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is presented by this Impe.
Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
Quoniam, he seemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe some state in thy *Exit*, and vanish. *Exit Boy.*

Ped. Iudas *I am.*

Dum. A Iudas?

Ped. Not *Iscariot* sir.
Iudas I am, ycliped *Machabeus.*

Dum. *Iudas Machabeus* clipt, is plaine Iudas.

Ber. A kissing Traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas?*

Ped. *Iudas I am.*

Dum. The more shame for you *Iudas.*

Ped. What meane you sir.?

Boy. To make *Iudas* hang himselfe.

Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped.

Ped. I will not be put of counte
Ber. Because thou hast no face.
Ped. What is this?
Boy. A Citterne head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Ber. A deaths face in a ring.
Lon. The face of an old Roman
Boy. The Pummell of *Cæsars*
Dum. The caru'd-bone face on
Ber. Saint Georges halfe cheek
Dum. I, and in a brooch of Le
Ber. I, and worne in the cap of
And now forward, for we haue pu
Ped. You haue put me out of co
Ber. False, we haue giuen thee
Ped. But you haue out-fac'd th
Ber. And thou wert a Lion, we
Boy. Therefore as he is an Ass
And so adieu sweet *Iude.* Nay, w
Dum. For the latter end of his
Ber. For the *Asse* to the *Iude*: g
Ped. This is not generous, not
Boy. A light for mounsier *Iudas*, it
Que. Alas poore *Machabeus*,

Enter Bra

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*,
Dum. Though my mockes co
merrie.
King. *Hector* was but a Troy
Boy. But is this *Hector*?
Kin. I thinke *Hector* was not
Lon. His legge is too big for
Dum. More Calfe certaine.
Boy. No he is best indued in t
Ber. This cannot be *Hector.*
Dum. He's a God or a Paint
Ber. *The Armipotent Mars*
Hector a gift.

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